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Life and Light for Woman.

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REV. CYRUS HAMLIN, D.D.

TURKEY.

TURKISH RULE OVER SUBJECT PEOPLE.

(CALLED IN THE TURKISH LANGUAGE, RAYAHS.)

BY REV. CYRUS HAMLIN, D.D.

THIS has been the rock upon which the empire has split and is in danger of final ruin. At the beginning of this century Turkey was supposed to have fifteen millions of *rayahs*; five million in Asia Minor and Syria, ten or eleven million in European Turkey. They were Jews, Syrians, Greeks and Armenians in Asia Minor. In European Turkey—that is, in Moldavia and Wallachia (now Roumania)—and in Bulgaria, Servia, Bosnia, Herzegovina and Montenegro, they were largely of the Greek church, though of Slavic tribes. During the latter part of this century the empire has lost nearly all her European *rayahs*, through mismanagement and foreign interference.

There have been sultans who have treated these millions of *rayahs* wisely and nobly. Solyman the Magnificent prepared a code (1356) called the *rayah* law, which secured to them all their rights of property and religion upon the payment of a certain tax. Selim III., Mahmoud II. and Abdul Medjid were friendly to the *rayahs*, and the Armenians, at least, considered them benefactors.

Selim I., 1312-20, intended to convert or destroy all the *rayahs* and to turn all the churches into mosques. The churches were largely seized and the crescent took the place of the cross. But the Sheikh-ul-Islam, the Ulemas generally and the high officers of state rose up against the slaughter, and he relented. A later ruler has copied his example with regard to the forced conversion of the Armenians, and no power, Christian or Moslem, has risen up to defend them.

When Sherman was Secretary of State he openly declared that missionaries in Turkey must take their chances. There are Turkish laws enough in the Grand Code, called the Multeka, and in the Koran for the protection of the *rayahs*. But the government is theocratic and absolute, and hence is above law; and any man in the sultanate can override all the laws. Whatever is done for the Armenians now is a work of faith, and doubly precious on that account. Hence, work among nominal Christians is nearly all the work that can at present be done in Turkey. Whatever the nationality or the church—whether this be Armenian, Greek, Bulgarian, Syrian or any other—all the common people are destitute of any knowledge of the way of salvation by a crucified Redeemer. The Virgin and the saints have usurped his place, and I have yet to hear one prayer offered from the

old liturgies through the sole mediation of Jesus the Crucified. But this portion of the population is the only one through which a pure Christianity can approach the millions of the ruling race. They are not now ready to receive the message. It would be certain death to them. Nor are the messengers ready. When there shall be a pure, spiritual church among all the nominal Christians of the East, God will open the way for his truth to spread. Our first work is then, of necessity, among the *rayahs* alone.

THE LAST FIVE YEARS IN TURKEY.

They are the continuation of the nineteen preceding years. The plan was early laid, like that of Selim I., and carried steadily and craftily forward, under the protection of Russia and France. We must walk over bloody fields in order to have any conception of those years.

The plan for the conversion of the Armenians to Islam has not proved satisfactory in execution. They would endure disgrace, confiscation of goods, ejection from their homes with every possible indignity, but they would not say, "Mohammed is the Prophet of God," and adopt the crescent as their sign instead of the cross. The final test must be applied—"Islam or Death."

The most awful of the massacres, at the beginning, was at Sassoon. The plain there contains forty-five villages. The victims, amid their awful sufferings, were all offered, over and over, freedom and abundance if they would become Moslems. Very few accepted this deliverance. They refused to repeat the name of the prophet, and tortured women died with their last word, "Hisoos Nazovretsi!" (Jesus of Nazareth!)

In the chief village, called Sassoon, and the forty-five villages of the plain, all who could not escape and would not apostatize were massacred with most cruel and revolting tortures—probably surpassing in enormity anything before experienced in the annals of martyrology. They had none but "Jesus of Nazareth" to support them in the long shame and anguish; and can we doubt that he was with them? And when the long agony was sweetly closed by death, did they not pass into the safest possible dwelling-place—the paradise of God? "And He shall wipe all tears from their eyes" (Revelations vii. 17).

When the news of this awful massacre spread abroad the Turkish government stiffly denied it. A hundred and fifty or so, said they, of revolted Armenians had been killed, justly, in absolute rebellion; and this was officially sent to all consuls and ambassadors abroad. The foreign ambassadors at the Porte insisted upon sending a commission to ascertain the truth.

This had to be granted ; but the commission was attended by such a cloud of officials and soldiers that it could do little but notice the widespread ruin of villages, animals and tools looted or destroyed ; and that, if there was a population in hiding, which should return to these devastated homes, nothing but famine was before them.

At Harpoot and Marash, American buildings were looted and burned, families being driven out amid flying bullets. An aged invalid missionary, the Rev. Dr. Wheeler, founder of Harpoot College, was removed from his burning house by faithful friends, expecting death every moment, as bullets went singing by them. But—to the honor of the Turkish soldiers, or the Turkish officials, or Divine Providence—no one was hit.

In Marash innocent students of the academy were shot down and the building burned. It was American property, and built with the authorization of the Turkish government. An immense number of schoolbooks and books of history, science and religion have been seized and mutilated or destroyed all over Asia Minor : books belonging to the American Board, to the American and Foreign Bible Society and to the American Tract Society, and consequently to all the Americans who contribute to these great societies. This destruction of books that were American property amounts to many thousands of dollars.

After Sassoon the massacres spread all over Asia Minor and Northern Syria. In "Armenia and Europe," by I. Lepsius, Ph.D., more than forty places of note, such as Erzroom, Bitlis, Harpoot, Van, Amasia, Adana, Malatia, Marash, Aintab, etc., are named as belonging to the first series of massacres. The missionaries everywhere stood their ground with heroic courage and prudence. Miss Kimball and Miss Shattuck have made their names immortal in the history of the martyrology !

Lepsius considers 100,000 as a moderate estimate of the victims, although his collected accounts amounted to only 88,243 : Villages and houses destroyed, 2,493 ; churches plundered and destroyed, 568 ; left in destitution, 586,000.

It is known that these numbers fall far short of the truth.

It is safe to say that 100,000 of the picked men of the Armenian people were killed, and that of the 600,000 driven out in utter destitution, more than 100,000 died of exposure, nakedness, famine and fever.

Among these remnants were perhaps 40,000 orphans and half orphans.

Although the Armenians saw themselves abandoned by all Christian governments, France alone telling the Sultan not to touch the Catholic Armenians, yet they soon saw that the Christian world had not forgotten them.

The heroic Clara Barton came with her relief corps of the Red Cross and

accomplished a wonderful work for the sufferers. Tons of clothing for the destitute were sent to all the ports. The missionaries everywhere became agents for distributing the funds sent in from all parts of Christendom.

Above all, orphanages were formed in all the principal massacre towns. Some four or five thousands of these poor children are receiving a most admirable preparation for a self-supporting life. All who see these orphanages are delighted with them. The children are happy and active, learning useful trades. They will be a priceless blessing to the Armenian people and to the work of God in Turkey. We have barely touched upon some of the facts of this momentous period. It will enter into the history of the Church as its most wonderful and peculiar chapter of martyrology. But the Armenian race is not obliterated. Its wonderful vitality is shown in its heroic struggle for life, in its still-existing schools and churches, in its thousands of partially rebuilt homes, and in the proofs of Christian sympathy and aid pouring in from the people of Christian lands whose governments have the apathy of heathenism.

THE NEED AND OPPORTUNITY FOR WORK AMONG THE CHRISTIAN NATIONS OF TURKEY.

BY MISS FRANCES C. GAGE, MARSOVAN, TURKEY.

THERE are no heathen in Turkey. I always supposed there were till I became a missionary there, but I think the realization of the fact that, properly speaking, there are none, immediately relieves our minds of much unnecessary excitement. There are many people who act like heathen or worse, and they are not all Mohammedans; but we might say that of "some folks" in so-called Christian lands. Probably the inhabitants of Turkey to whom this epithet is usually applied are the Mohammedans, but every true Mussulman's God is the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob—omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent. It is Mohammed's heaven and earth that disgusts us—not his god. His interpretation of God is not correct, nor his understanding of God's thought of man's possibilities, but neither would ours have been had it not been for Christ; and that is where all the trouble lies.

Although out of Turkey the term "heathen" is most frequently applied to the followers of Mohammed, in Turkey it is used almost entirely by Mohammedans, and of the nations who call themselves Christians: this because the Mussulman cannot understand a triune God, and especially because of what he calls the "idols" in the Orthodox Greek and Armenian churches, in the form of pictures and images, and which he believes the Christian worships.

Another missionary once, as an interesting study in race character, called my attention to the fact that if picture-cards were offered to Turkish women or children they would choose flowers or some natural subject, while Christians would almost always prefer people. Soon I had an opportunity to test the matter among a mixed group of callers, and found it as had been said. I asked the women if they did not think the pictures of the children pretty. Yes, they said, but immediately followed with gestures of disgust the one word *poot* (idol). And this is, alas! the interpretation of Christ's gospel that the old churches give to their neighbors. It is, after all, mostly a matter of interpretation—this living a Christian life: Christ came to interpret the Father, and we, through his Spirit, interpret Christ.

The early missionaries found the Armenian people the first to desire the Word. They became the nucleus of the Protestant church, being driven out from their own for being Puritans. This nation is still the most accessible. They are essentially a religious people, and so quick to feel the truth when once aroused; but conversion is what their national church knows not, and the necessity of the absolute change of heart is slow to come to the Oriental mind; but how they need it, in order to have a knowledge of the hatefulness of evil or the beauty of holiness! The chief reason for (not cause of) the humiliating spectacle of secret Armenian Revolutionary Societies was unenlightened consciences. The mirage of seeming good out of evil—Satan's most insidious temptation for the hopeless and oppressed—was what led them on. Only Christian education can cure this disease.

In these years since the massacres, a great wave of enthusiasm for better things has stirred the younger and more enlightened men in the Gregorian church to relieve the distress of their nation by legitimate means. Schools are greatly improved. Sermons are preached in the churches. The Bible is an open book; Christ as an example of holy living is proclaimed; the barriers between Protestant and Gregorian churches are in many places quite broken down. It is a wonderful and a dangerous awakening,—a time when Christian missionary and native stand side by side in the prayerful effort to seize opportunities and avert calamity to the nation.

But many Armenians are in dense ignorance and degradation. As in other lands, the status of women tells of the advance of a people. It was an Armenian woman and a donkey who, side by side, plowed a field in one of our out-stations. It was a poor, miserable Armenian bride I saw dying of meningitis from a fall received while being beaten by husband and mother-in-law because she bore no children. And it was an aged Armenian mother whom I remember kept in a stable to live out her last days alone because she had become a child again. But if you could listen to a class recitation

in our beautiful schoolroom, or hear the earnest words of our girls in testimony of their personal experience of Christ, and know the brave lives the best of them live in their homes, you would never believe the other things could be true of their neighbors. And the orphans—eight thousand of them under missionary influence. But enough is known of them and the hopes placed in them for the future of their people. Of course only a beginning has been made in their training, but it is certainly true in the field I know most about that the brightest hopes are being realized. They come in many cases from conservative old families that we have been unable to touch before. They learn well, are skillful in the trades taught them, oversensitive to the truth and growing true.

The Greek people make up, in the Marsovan field, more than half of the Christian population. They have ever been slower to see needs in their church than their sister nation. But they are not less responsive to good when they once put themselves in the attitude of learners, and are strong and faithful when, released from their superstitions, they turn to the simple gospel. The Greek Protestants are still in the stage in which one who comes out from the old into the new must endure persecution, and they cheerfully bear reproach, ridicule, disinheritance, and even abuse and danger in their devotion to principle.

The desire for the education of the daughters of this nation has greatly increased in the Marsovan field of late. The Greek department in the Girls' Boarding School has more than doubled during the last three years, and as we visit the villages great eagerness is expressed on the part of the girls to come to school. Women are always slower than men to break away from the traditions of the fathers, and we welcome this sign of progress in the nation, for the girls really long for the light for themselves and their companions, and are standing out firmly in the confession of Christ in their homes and villages. And the need among these girls is very great. In the Greek villages the age of marriage is almost as young as among the Turks, and in the coast towns and cities the temptation to it and habits of boldness and even the worst of morals among these very attractive, dangerously pretty girls is growing appallingly common. It makes our hearts ache to realize it, but the picture of the pure faces of our girls again comes to my mind to assure that God saves. But God alone through Christ can do it: education and civilization is a failure without the definite Christian influence as demonstrated in the fruits of many a national school.

There is certainly much need of help as yet to those two longing, struggling, growing Christian nations for their own sakes, but I want to close with the thought with which I began. The great Mohammedan nation is still

practically untouched. The Christians of the land must be the living epistles who shall witness to the good in our faith which I believe the thinking Moslems of the country are beginning to long for. I never forget the earnest searching look with which a Moslem closed a description of the judgment day according to his faith as he said—"Miss Gage, I am afraid—afraid of that day." "Why?" I asked. "Because I try my best but I *can't* be perfect." And then I told him of Christ, and how he knew of our need of a Saviour *in* our sins; and though the man made no sign, it counts.

I remember a day after the massacre when I went before a class of Christian girls in our school to whom I was teaching Turkish reading. They threw down their books, saying, "We will *never* learn the tongue of this hated people." I asked them why. The answer was quick, "They killed our fathers." Again I asked why. "They are wicked—wicked." Another why, and the girls soon saw where they were being led, and picked up their books when they remembered that they that are sick need the physician. It was hard for them to act in accord with Christ's commands then, but only a little while ago one of these girls wrote me of her joy over the interest of some Turkish girls in her home Sunday-school lessons.

It is so we must multiply ourselves.

MICRONESIA.

BUILDING A HOUSE AT KUSAIE.

BY MRS. CAPTAIN GEORGE A. GARLAND.

FOR a long time there has been pressing need of more room at this Girls' School. The schoolroom is poorly ventilated; there is not suitable storeroom for the supplies necessary for a school of this size; and in case of severe sickness not only do we lack a room to use as hospital without taking one that can ill be spared, but also the girls must all suffer from unnatural repression in order to secure quiet for the sick ones. Not long ago Miss Hoppin's thoughts on the subject crystalized into a conversation with Polikna. It had not seemed best for the mission to afford a new house just now, so Polikna was sounded to find out whether the Kusaians would be willing to aid us by putting up a native house on this Kusaian plan—giving their work and material and being feasted at the end. Polikna seemed much pleased with the idea, and quite sure that the Kusaians would be glad to accept the proposal. And so it proved, for even the king, who is not disposed to be friendly to the missionaries, smiled upon the undertaking. Word was sent around the island, and last week the Kusaians brought up most of the sticks, thatch and ridgepoles needed for the work. You should

see some of the heavy sticks, forty feet long and thick enough for a mast, which are to serve as principal timbers.

We had thought that the house raising and feast would come off last week, but Likiak Sa suggested that a much better house would be built if the men should take a little more time in preparation, and have all the material on the ground before beginning the work. Accordingly, the men who had gathered on this side of the island dispersed to their homes for the Sabbath, and returned yesterday, bringing more material. We heard a rumor that they were planning a surprise in the way of a present of food to the teachers, but we must pretend, of course, to know nothing of it, or the pleasure of the thing would be spoiled.

At about nine o'clock this morning the sound of music was heard in the land; much excited running hither and thither among the girls followed, and the watchers on the brow of the hill called back their bulletins to the groups on lawn and veranda (in native language, of course): "Now they're marching along the beach. O—o—h, what a long procession!" "Now they're coming up the Channon way." "No; they're going round the hill to Dr. Rife's path." "Here they come! Does Miss Kane know?" "Somebody call her quick! She's down at the river." Then a shrill chorus, "Miss Kane, oh, hurry! They're coming!" "Where are Dorothy and Ruth? Can they see?"

And at last they came, led on by a much-traveled gentleman who for years lived in foreign parts, who roared forth his "Left! Right!" at intervals in stentorian tones. Then came the band, followed by twenty men, bearing on their shoulders the last great timber for the house, and marching in quickstep. Following them in single file was a motley procession, big and little, in a lengthening line, almost all of whom tried to respond to the "Left! Right!" of the leader in quickstep.

The band? Let me give you the *dramatis personæ* thereof:—

1. Polikna, with an accordeon which he persistently and tunefully plays. Polikna holds his head with a proud lift, which recalls his worthy father, Sigra, and wears shoes.

2. Alek, who used to be a sailor on the Star, with a policeman's whistle, which he shrilly and persistently blows.

3. Joseph, with a triangular water-tank from the wrecked "Heratēs." This is the big brass drum which he rhythmically and energetically bangs.

4. Frank, with cymbals—two large iron spoons, the backs of the bowls beating in time to the music.

5. ———? with the small drum,—an inverted milk pan of goodly size. As the van of the procession neared the spot where the house was to be erected a halt was ordered, and Polikna maneuvered the timber-bearers.

They marked time, marched forward, marched backward; they charged the huge stick from right shoulder to left, from left to right, with marvelous precision, and as lightly as though it had been but a feather's weight. At last it was put down, and the procession resumed its line of march up to the main house, while the eagerly interested girls crowded the verandas, where the teachers also stood. I was near the path on the grass with Dorothy and Ruth, where, as the procession passed, I exchanged greetings with many whom I had not seen for years. All bore gifts of food—cocoanuts, bananas, pineapples, taro, breadfruit—and each deposited his share on the grass at the foot of the steps, until there was a goodly heap. It was pathetically funny to see three or four very old men who wished to have a share in the good work trying to carry off the lively march step with the sprightliness of youth, but with joints stiffened with rheumatism.

And still they came, and still they came, until the last gift had been presented. Then, after a tumultuous outbreak of clapping from the girls, up went Alek's cap, and out broke three cheers from the little army of workers. The king, who brought up the rear of the procession, was in a most genial mood, and fairly beamed upon us all. A little time was spent in resting and in greetings, while the men were served by the girls with "kariwe"—the drink made from the fresh sap of the coconut bud—donated by the boys in the Gilbert School, and carried about in buckets, with cups from which to drink. Then we were aware of a sudden pause in the merry noise, though we had heard no signal; all heads were bared and bowed, and our eyes were drawn to the white-haired old minister, Likiak Sa, who stood at some distance under a breadfruit tree, on the site of the house-to-be, with his face uplifted in prayer. No word reached us, but a hush fell over the whole place. At the close of the prayer we could see that the pastor was again talking to his men, and in response to what he said every right hand was lifted high. In a moment all was busiest life; sticks were brought into place, axes and hatchets began to ring. We found that Likiak Sa had asked who would pledge himself to put his best and most faithful work into the building of the house, and it was this to which all had so cordially responded.

The house is thirty-five feet by twenty; the workers number one hundred and twenty-one, and are divided into four parties, each under a leader and each assuming one corner of the house—one quarter—as its share. One who has not seen a native house in process of erection cannot conceive of the amount of work involved. No nails are used. The sticks, as they are brought into position, are rudely held in place with strips of strong bark, and at last tied with coconut cord, which is put on with great accuracy and

firmness, and made, in the winding, into fancy patterns with various colors, so that the tying is really artistic when well done. If the sticks and timbers (all native, of course) are not straight and true, the house is poor looking and has less stability. But all the sticks brought for this house are as nearly perfect as can be, and the building is splendidly put together. Dr. Rife furnished tools,—spades, saws, level, hammer, axes, hatchets,—and has had an eye on the work to-day, but found little to correct. The men had agreed not to race, as they sometimes do, for fear of shoddy work; but as the frame rose higher the enthusiasm and jollity grew apace until there was a continuous uproar, with lighter intervals now and then when the girls passed about with their buckets of cooling drink—molasses and water, limeade or “kariwe”; for the heat was great and the men worked hard.

It was a sight to remember. We could think of nothing but the Brownies as the frame swarmed with active figures who, with agile movements, slipped from place to place tying, winding, sawing, hacking, passing the heavy sticks lightly upward, where they were as lightly caught by half a dozen hands and swung into place. At times we counted upward of seventy men upon the frame in every imaginable attitude of activity—a very good test of the strength of the frame.

Now it is time for the thatching to begin. The thatch, all prepared, lies waiting in great heaps in pieces six feet long. The leaf is doubled over a reed in rows and sewed through, each piece being fastened to the roof structure with cocoanut cord in three places, and the pieces set so close one above another as to widely overlap and leave no chance for a leak. On each side of the roof stand twenty men; the pieces of thatch are thrown lightly upward by others standing on the ground, and with wonderful speed are fastened into place, so that there seems to be no pause in the throwing and catching as the men work steadily upward. Faster and faster the men worked, and at last found themselves racing as the final rows of thatch went on; but really, one could scarcely blame them. Their excitement was infectious; we gazed, fascinated, at the mushroom house growing under our eyes in a day; and in just forty-five minutes from the first tying the thatch was complete, even to the finishing touch. Both Dr. Rife and Mr. Channon agree that it is finely done.

And now of the feast! Preparations were almost completed; the Kusaians had come early and worked vigorously on the siding of the house, which was finished about noon; the long tables were spread with seats for one hundred and twenty-seven. [Item: Miss Wilson and I had put a “magic ring” of soap round each table leg to keep away the ants.] The hour set for the feast was two in the afternoon. Most of the white folks came up to

witness the festivities. The rooms were worth seeing, and as it turned out it was very fortunate that the plan was to have the dinner in the house, for there was a Kusaian downpour of rain nearly all day.

The front room seated about thirty, the middle room over forty, the large schoolroom more than fifty. The double doors connecting the three rooms were thrown open, and as Togusra sat at the small table especially prepared for him, at the head of a long table in the front room, he could look down through the rooms to the back veranda. Ferns and flowers were everywhere; Japanese lanterns were hung in all the doorways. We could not put up the American flag and would not put up the Spanish, but the greenery was ample decoration. Behind Togusra's arm-chair was a bank of ferns; sprays of ferns decorated all the tables. It was interesting to see the gradations in the table furnishings. The two long tables in the front rooms were set with the house china, silver and glass, and the tables spread with linen table-cloths; here were to sit all the dignitaries and as many more as could find places. In the middle room the dishes were of stone-china and granite ware; in the last room agate ware prevailed, and small bowls took the place of cups. The table covers in the two schoolrooms were of unbleached cotton, and in the last room empty boxes and kegs formed the seats; but there was room for every one to sit and an abundance to eat. But how to get the guests properly seated! The Kusaians make very much of rank. In the first place the table had to be so arranged as to avoid any one sitting with back to Togusra. I think it took half an hour to seat the guests.

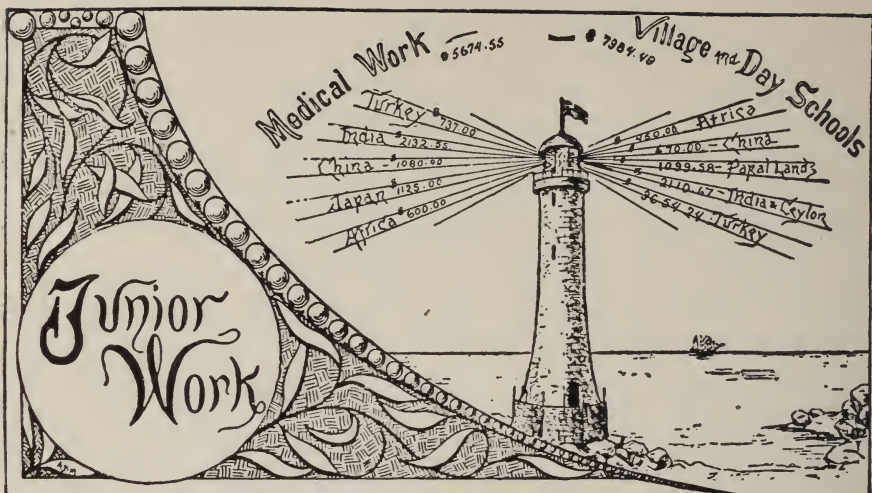
Despairing of making any headway, I called a council of Togusra, Polikna and Likiak Sa; all of any rank were singled out and places assigned them; but still they stood back and waited. "What is the matter?" "O, Siken has not been found yet [one of the smaller chiefs]; we cannot go on till he comes." Likiak Sa bowed and scraped and assumed a very deprecatory aspect as he assured me that he could not by any means sit near Togusra; he must sit out in the other room with the majority of the people. I appealed to Togusra, reminding him that while he was the leader in temporal affairs, Likiak Sa was their spiritual leader and should sit in a prominent place, as he was to open the feast. Togusra responded very heartily and insisted that Likiak Sa sit at his left, with Polikna at his right. Then arose a new difficulty: no one would sit on the inner side of the second table because that would present their backs to some of their chiefs! So I went to Togusra again and begged him to call by name those who should sit in those seats.

At last all were seated, and silence fell as Likiak Sa rose and spoke. He reminded them what a privilege it is to the Kusaians to have the schools here, and how much good had come to them, directly and indirectly, through

the missionaries. He said that the teachers, in asking the Kusaians to put up the house, had conferred a favor upon them, and that the work had been very small beside what had been given in return. This, he said, was a great day for Kusaie, when teachers and natives, chiefs and common people, black and white, were all gathered together to help each other with interest in a common cause. He spoke of God's goodness in giving them these friends, and continued that the most appropriate way to recognize it was by a prayer and hymn of thanksgiving. His prayer was very earnest, and at its close Na II, who is possessed of a very sweet voice, started the hymn to the tune of Lenox. It swelled to a full male chorus in all the parts, and the volume of harmonious sound was noble. At the close of the hymn Likiak Sa called on Deacon Konlullu to speak and pray, and he responded briefly in the same vein as Likiak Sa. At the close of his prayer I suddenly realized that some response ought to be made. None of the teachers were within call, and none could understand what had been said; so I returned thanks to the Kusaians in the name of the teachers and girls.

The girls who had been chosen as waiters now stepped forward in their bright dresses and the feast began. The first embarrassment soon wore off, and a cheerful hum and rattle filled the rooms. Canned salmon and fresh fish, breadfruit and taro, "iron-pot" (breadfruit stewed with cocoanuts) and rice biscuits and bread, ginger cakes, rice pudding, popped corn and coffee, with loaf sugar and raisins as bonbons, made up the menu, and the guests were highly appreciative. And was it not quite remarkable that no accident to dishes occurred among so many unaccustomed to their use?

As the feast drew to a close the girls gathered on the veranda where the organ was and sang a little greeting. Then a dozen of them sang the Carpenter's Song, from Miss Blow's book—"Busy is the carpenter," imitating in the refrain the sound of the plane and hammer. The whole school then sang the Canoe Song, from Mrs. Frear's Kindergarten Songs, followed by vigorous applause from all. Then the tables in the front room having been put back, the little Kusaians who have been taught up here stood in a row before the dignitaries; as many of the Kusaians as could find a place looked on, and Miss Kane led the little folks in their kindergarten songs. I could see over the top of the organ how Togusra was shaking with laughter over the motions of the little hands. At the close we all joined in the gospel hymn, "My Jesus, I love thee," which we knew to be a favorite with the Kusaians. I wish I might have listened to it from a distance; it must have been very beautiful, for the Kusaians are natural singers, and the girls were in their very best singing mood. A number from the other schools had come to look on at the feast, so we had a grand chorus of two hundred.



— To give light to them that sit in darkness Luke 1:77 —

HELPS FOR LEADERS.—BASKET WEAVING.

BY MISS CLARA C. WELLS.

THE question of the "busy hour" is a vexed one for many leaders of our mission circles. The children feel that they must have something to employ their hands, but what—that the little hands can do—will interest, and at the same time be useful. After exhausting every idea that we had, basket weaving presented itself as something entirely novel for our children, and after trying it for three months with much satisfaction we gladly pass the suggestion on to others. Basket weaving has one advantage, in that girls and boys alike enjoy it.

This work is done in kindergartens, where children are kept till seven years of age, and those who know a kindergartener who can do it will find a practical demonstration more helpful than the directions that can be given here.

There are two kinds of reed which may be made to serve the purpose, the German and the Chinese. The German is a trifle more expensive, but superior to the Chinese. It can be bought at Field's in Chicago, and of Charles E. Keyser, 1825 Green Street, Philadelphia. Round reed should be used, and two sizes, No. 2 and No. 5, will be required. The first secret of success lies in having the reed well soaked. It should be wound in rings and soaked at least over night, and twenty-four hours is better. Warm water softens it more quickly, but given plenty of time this is not necessary. It

must also be kept thoroughly wet while working. Taking your larger reed, No. 5, cut eight pieces of equal length (sixteen inches will make a pretty sized basket); then with a penknife cut a slit in the center of four of these pieces about an inch long. Pass the other four pieces through the slits in the first four; then cutting a ninth piece a little more than half the length of the eight pieces, pass the end of it through the four slits also, and you have the frame for your basket. Now we are ready to weave. Taking a piece of the smaller reed, No. 2, pass the end through the slits and opposite the one shorter reed; then work it in and out over two reeds, then under two, except when you come to this odd one; then go under or over (as the case may be) just this one, and then on again over two, under two, until you have been around five or six times. Now with your hand separate the reeds of your frame by pressing your fingers between them, but carefully, lest you break the reed. When the seventeen reeds are equally distant from each other weave again, but now over one and under one, until your mat is about five inches across. Up to this point it is necessary to keep your work flat, in order that the baskets stand squarely when finished.

Now holding it on the table, with one hand draw the frame reeds up with the thumb and finger of the other hand, in the same way that you curl a wire or piece of paper. Continue to do this until the reeds stand up well. If thoroughly wet it will take but a few minutes. Weave again as before, drawing the reed quite tight to hold the frame pieces up in place, and it is better not to start with a new piece of reed just here. When within three or three and a half inches of the end of the frame pieces, fasten the reed; the rest will be necessary to make the edge secure. To fasten the ends of the reed, cut the end to a point with scissors, and as it comes from behind the frame, bend and push it down in. In starting the fresh reed point the end, and insert it on the opposite side of the same frame reed. For the edge, take a shorter piece of No. 2 reed, start anywhere, work over and over, passing the reed under three rows of weaving, from the inside out and between every alternate piece of the frame. Go around your basket two or three times, each time passing the reed through the same places. This edge is not necessary, but adds to the firmness of the basket. The frame pieces being very soft from constant wetting, point the ends with the scissors; carefully bend and insert each piece just beyond the next one, leaving them up a little for a scallop, and the basket is finished.

This sounds like a formidable undertaking, but you may find, as we did, that the children will make their first basket more easily than you will, and with a little practice your own taste will teach you how to vary the size and shape of the baskets. A pound and a half of No. 5 reed and three pounds

of No. 2 will make about twenty baskets; and while the expense is perhaps a little large for some (forty to fifty cents a pound), the baskets may be disposed of so as to yield a small profit to the circle.

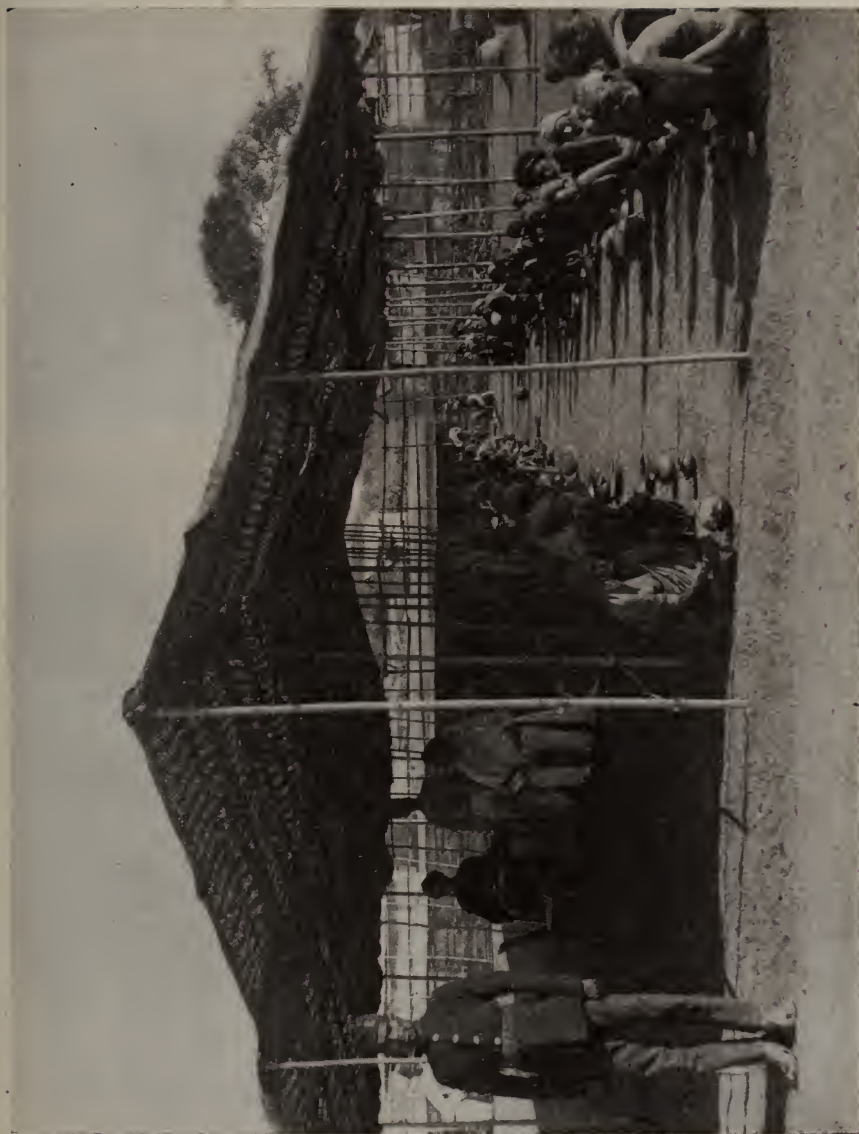
[The writer of this very practical article has expressed her willingness to supply a limited number of sample baskets to leaders desiring them at 35 cents a basket, including postage. If any are desirous of obtaining further information, letters may be addressed to Miss Clara E. Wells, 60 Allen Place, Hartford, Conn. Any such letters will be answered by Miss Wells in this same department two months later.—ED.]

Scraps from our Work Basket.

CONTRIBUTIONS It gives us great pleasure to report a substantial increase **FOR THE MONTH.** in the contributions for the month ending March 18th, as compared with the same month last year,—amounting to \$1,778.28. This is the first large gain in our financial year, and let us hope it may be the beginning of better things. Notwithstanding this increase, however, the statement of contributions for the five months of the year show a falling off of \$854.35. A similar gain for April would give us a forward step in the treasury most encouraging and much to be desired. Let us work for it earnestly, cheerfully, hopefully.

MISSIONARY We are glad to report the appointment of another new **PERSONALS.** missionary, Miss Matilda Calder, who, it is expected, will be stationed in the College for Girls in Marash, Turkey. This college is under the care of the Board of the Interior. The appointment affords another instance of the intermingling of the work of the two Boards which brings us very near together. The sound of wedding bells have been again heard in our large family. Miss Annie Stockbridge has recently been married to Mr. More, an Englishman in the civil service in India, and has severed her connection with the Board. It is with great regret that we lose her from our work in Ahmednagar, but we wish her all possible happiness in her new relations.

INDIA'S Our missionaries are so occupied in feeding the hungry in India **FAMINE.** they have no time to write lengthy descriptions of what is being done. Miss Nugent has, however, sent on some photographs that tell the story at a glance on the following pages.



DIET KITCHEN, WHERE CHILDREN AND OLD PEOPLE GET THEIR MEALS.



WOMEN ON THE RELIEF WORKS.



TOO WEAK FOR WORK.

MEETING OF THE MISSIONARY UNION. The seventeenth annual meeting of the International Missionary Union will be held in Clifton Springs, N. Y., May 30th to June 3, 1900. All foreign missionaries of any evangelical denomination are eligible to membership and entitled to free entertainment. Further information can be obtained by addressing Mrs. C. C. Thayer, Clifton Springs, N. Y. These are most interesting and profitable gatherings for home workers as well as for the missionaries, and will repay the effort to attend them.

ARRIVAL OF MORNING STAR. The Morning Star arrived in San Francisco March 7th, bringing the news from our missionaries in Micronesia. Dr. and Mrs. Rife of Kusiae were the only missionaries on board. The Star has been sold for \$10,500 and delivered to her owner. This will necessitate new plans, of course, for the future. It is probable that a vessel will be chartered to carry down the mail and supplies for the present year, but the Committee on Missionary Ships for the American Board have under consideration plans for replacing the Star at an early day.

EXTRACTS FROM RECENT LETTERS.

FROM MISS ELIZABETH BARROWS, OF VAN, TURKEY.

MISS BARROWS, one of the new missionaries who went to her field last autumn, writes a most interesting account of her perilous journey to Van. She was detained for several weeks in Erzroom, but finally she and her companion, an English lady going to Van for orphanage work, left Erzroom under the care of Dr. Ussher, of our mission in Van, two consuls and the American vice-consul and their kavasses. She writes:—

Soon we were out on the trackless plain. Before we had been out three hours our low sledges had become so blocked in the deep drifts, and the blinding snow had so obliterated all traces of the road, we were obliged to turn back; but by two the next afternoon we were out on the road again. By this time a caravan of camels had broken a road, so that the sleighing was very good. We rode all that night, with only a short stop for afternoon tea and two hours' rest for a midnight lunch. This stopping-place was characteristic of our hotels for the rest of the journey. We entered by a low door which opened into a long, blind passageway, with rooms and stables leading off from it, without the slightest idea of arrangement. The space we occupied was raised two or three feet from the corridor, but separated from the stables by only a low partition. All the cattle and horses and poultry are kept in the house, for the sake of safety to themselves and warmth to

their owners. We sat on rugs, thrown on the bare earth, and sipped boiling hot tea from little curved glasses. The only ventilation was from the low fireplace, where pieces of dried manure were smouldering, and one window, about a foot square, in the roof.

At this place we were told that Dr. Ussher had gone on, and there was a happy reunion when we reached him, as he had been waiting anxiously for us. After a while a traveling pasha arrived, having worked with a large force of men since dawn to get through from a village only four hours away. This meant that our road was open, and we planned to start at midnight. It was a beautiful, clear, moonlight night with zero weather. The scenery of the gorge was magnificent, and the ride through it delightful for some of us; but the kavasses did not appreciate it much, for just as we were crossing a small stream near the entrance to the gorge their sleigh broke through the ice, and tipped them into the water.

We stopped at a Turkish village at the foot of the pass, and there hired extra animals to carry our loads to the top, our horses finding it all they could do to pull up the empty sleds. We passed many large wolf tracks in the way. Going down on the other side was rather frightful, as the road would sometimes descend at an angle of about 70 degrees, and then would suddenly rise at about the same angle. At one place, where all the three sleds stuck in turn, the vice consul and zabtieh rode on, and left us, so that at the next village our drivers declined to go on. They began to unhitch the horses. Dr. Ussher called to the English kavass to bring his sled on, and seized the bridle of one of the horses in our sleigh, and started them off. As soon as the driver promised to go on he was allowed to drive, but we had not gone twenty yards before he whipped up the horses, and sent the sleigh against the opposite bank of the stream, with the whippetree so crowded into the earth that no amount of pulling could get it up the bank. Then he started up the horses again apparently determined to break the harness, and so compel us to remain at the village. Dr. Ussher took in the situation, and with almost a superhuman effort lifted the front of the sleigh, load and all, and on it slid, much to the surprise of the driver. This game having failed he tried again, and being off the sled thrashed the horses into a gallop against a large stone, this time breaking the whippetree in two, and letting the horses free. Again American ingenuity came into play. The traces, which were ropes smaller than an ordinary clothesline, were tied to the sleigh, and the vehicle again raised and cleared from the stones. Soon we came to a place where the only choice of a path was snow four feet deep, or across a stream with a slush of uncertain depth. As our sleighs were only eight or nine inches high we preferred to wade rather than to risk the pos-

sibility of sitting in ice water. We got across safely, and putting the ladies into separate sleds the men walked up the steep hill.

As we were all spinning down the other side as fast as it was safe for the horses, an ox drawing a sled appeared in the narrow path below. Its driver tried in vain to turn it off into the deep snow, but it stubbornly refused to move. Our driver slowed as much as possible, but Dr. Ussher, seeing that a collision was imminent, jumped off, and dashing ahead put his shoulder under the ox, heaved him off into the snow, and snatched the light sled from the path just in time for our sleighs to glide past. It soon became dark, and difficult to follow the pure white road. At last the drivers had to walk ahead of the teams while we followed their dark forms on the snow. In spite of this we lost the road, and just when the drivers were becoming discouraged, we were guided back to it by the barking of a dog in the village, about a mile distant. . . .

Christmas Day was one never to be forgotten. Taking fourteen men with us to open the road we started for the pass. We all walked up the first hills, as it was all the horses could do to draw up the empty sleds. Then the ladies mounted two horses, and the men walked till they were nearly exhausted. Our poor horses floundered in the deep drifts, but we kept on till we came to a place about six feet deep, which seemed hopeless. We pushed through this snow and up the next hill, but here our lead horses dropped. All the others were down, or had been, and some of them lay for nearly an hour before they could stand on their feet. It was now a question of saving the lives of the men and horses, so we left our baggage covered in the sleighs, and started on foot or on horseback for the next village. It was growing dark and cold, and it was hard to keep the path. We passed several dead horses on the way, and feared a similar fate for our horses, if not for ourselves. By following a sheep trail we at last reached a village, tired but thankful. One pack horse, with our lunch boxes, had managed to come in, and we had a good dinner. At bedtime we experienced a slight earthquake shock, and so ended our memorable Christmas in Armenia.

At the next village our driver again made trouble, and we were obliged to call on the colonel of the Kurdish regiment for assistance. This he gave gladly, as Dr. Ussher had attended several of his men who had been wounded in a recent fight. About half an hour's ride out of the village the next day we were overtaken and surrounded by four mounted soldiers. One of them seized the vice consul's rein, whereupon his kavass called upon him to stop. As they did not heed his commands he raised his empty rifle as a warning. The other zabtiehs now sprang upon him, and tried to pull

him from his horse. They tore off his cartridge belt and clubbed his right arm, making it useless. Dr. Ussher loaded his Remington, and covered the zabtiehs, and they soon went away. In half an hour we were on our way again.

Since reaching Van we have learned that there was an organized plan to rob us, but that our number saved us. We at last reached a village on the lake about opposite Van. . . . We arrived in Van at noon the next day, and were welcomed by the missionaries and a chorus of school-children. How glad we were to be at home at last!

FROM MISS EVA M. SWIFT, MADURA, INDIA.

Thursday was a great day in Indiana Hall. There was bustle and apparent confusion. Six tailors, one leather worker, and two carpenters were busy on the back veranda and under the vepa tree near the kitchen door. In the classroom it was like a beehive. Every student had her roll of pictures, and there was the hum of reading and study preparatory to the work of preaching to the people at the foot of Alagara Mountains. Mr. David gathered up the many things needed for three days in tent,—food, lights, books, tracts, pictures to help the women in their work of speaking to the people, magic lantern and slides that the evening hours might be utilized. At last at ten at night the carts were loaded for a start before daylight, that the tent might be ready for the women upon their arrival. Next day at noon all were ready to leave. Three carts were filled, and the students and Bible women went off in high spirits. It was a slow, toilsome jolting for twelve miles. From the time they left the bridge across the river, they were in a stream of human beings flowing toward the mountains in the distance. They reached their destination at five o'clock, and began their work the moment they alighted from the carts. Hundreds of men and women were gathering from all parts of the district. The tents were pitched near the roadside, and the women had but to stand in the tent door to speak to gathering crowds. The pictures attracted the attention of the people as they passed by day, and the magic lantern by night.

The women separated into groups and spoke in many places. They heard many confessions from both men and women of dissatisfaction with their journey to the spring on the hillside in which they were to cleanse their sin. Many would say, "Bodily weariness, hunger, and an empty purse are all we've got by coming here," or, "The only benefit we have gained here is through the good words you have spoken." Many bought books and tracts, and went away reading them aloud to each other. In one place a heathen woman was seen seated under a tree with a group of

men and women about her listening as she read from a booklet she had purchased from the Christian women. Mr. David says, "So our books and tracts multiplied our workers, for even the heathen people became preachers to each other." One young man came up to a Bible woman as she finished speaking and offered her a coin, saying, "You must be very tired; take this and buy yourself something to eat." She told him she had no need of food for there was plenty in the tent, but said, "Here are books; if you will buy one of these and read it, I shall be glad." He took one of the Gospels, and told her he had heard the preaching concerning Jesus Christ before, but had stood in the crowd "as a mocker," but that to-day he had stood as a believer. The Bible women were talking to a number of people in a place near which the sacred car must pass. The car contains the god, and the crowd usually swarms about it upon its appearance. On that day a few here and there in the audience dropped out, but the others said, pointing to the car: "That is worth nothing, but this is good. Go on and tell us more." They continued their talk, and the passing of the car made hardly any disturbance among their listeners. A man approached and said he wished to be a Christian, but did not fully understand the way. They gladly instructed him, and were rejoiced indeed when he confessed Christ openly before all the workers gathered in the tent for the Sunday morning service. So two days of work passed happily and busily. When they arrived home in the dusk of the fourth day of their departure they made little of all the difficulties of the way, and were full of joy and enthusiasm as they recounted the blessed experiences of the work.

Our Work at Home.

BRIGHT BITS FROM OUR BRANCHES.

WHILE it is still too early to report much accomplished in the lines for aggressive work discussed at our annual meeting in Syracuse, it may be interesting to our readers to know the plans and progress made in a few of our Branches.

The president of *Eastern Connecticut Branch* writes: "We wish to make a new effort to reach every church in our territory that has no connection with the W. B. M. Letters have been sent, personal, friendly letters, to the pastor or some one in the church. "We propose that each auxiliary, whether strong or weak, shall have a visit this year from a Branch officer.

“A special committee is pushing the matter of organizing mission circles and cradle rolls, and of securing definite pledges from C. E. societies. “Another committee is distributing missionary literature, carefully selected, to each auxiliary. My impression is that this committee is reaching out also to churches where there is no society. “We are asking the women in all these churches to contribute something at the time of our silver anniversary next June.”

An auxiliary in *Springfield Branch* is meeting with good success in its Memorial Fund. Five hundred circulars like the one given below have been sent out, and in the very beginning of the movement \$100 was pledged by five people. We believe that if a similar enterprise was started in many of our auxiliaries it would meet with unexpected success.

CIRCULAR.—The Woman’s Foreign Missionary Society of the Second Church desires to perpetuate the memory of Miss A. R. A., who was deeply interested in its work, and for nearly seventeen years was its treasurer.

We realize that, as has been said, the truest memorial is for us each to be more loyal Christians because we have known and loved her. But we have thought it would be pleasant to secure a woman to work in her name among the daughters of sorrow shut in by heathen custom, where Christian instruction and sympathy are even more needed than were Miss A.’s ministries among us.

We have thought that there are many men and women in this parish who would like to contribute to a Memorial Fund, the annual income of which shall pay the salary of a Bible woman in some foreign land, and perhaps there are children who loved Miss A. and would like to add their nickels.

Contributions or pledges may be placed on the offertory plates at any church service before May first, or may be handed to an officer of the Foreign Missionary Society.

New Haven Branch has a new watchword in its work, “Determined Effort,” an efficient committee have done a large amount of correspondence, laying foundations and hoping for results later.

Berkshire Branch reports an increasing number of missionary study classes, some of them under the leadership of pastors. Is it not true that many pastors would find this study quite as interesting and elevating to their young people as Shakespeare or Browning, or lectures on European travel? We think this would certainly rank next to the study of Palestine, with the added benefit that it might stimulate to effort for the progress of the kingdom either at home or abroad. A generous memorial gift has also been received from this Branch.

In *Vermont* there is thought to be an unusual spirit of prayer among the societies. This is the very best way for works to begin, and we shall expect good results.

Middlesex, with twenty auxiliaries, senior and junior, has given \$270 to the memorial fund. If every Branch did as well as this it would amount to nearly \$6,600; a very good start for our fund.

New York has secured nearly \$5,000 for its memorial to its beloved treasurer, Mrs. Guilford Dudley, and is planning for larger things the coming year. This money was secured from churches as well as Women's Societies, and is to go for a church in Foochow, China, and does not come into the treasury of the Woman's Board.

New Hampshire is also moving for a memorial for its former treasurer, Miss McIntyre, whose valuable service of twenty-five years in the Branch certainly deserves some recognition. What could more delight a faithful treasurer's heart than such a contribution?

Rhode Island Branch, having thirty-nine churches in its territory, reports more than a thousand special appeals for the memorial fund sent to individual women in the churches, accompanied by the Board leaflets, "Prospect and Retrospect" and "Memorials." New leaflets have been sent to all senior and junior auxiliaries and to leaders of mission circles and cradle rolls; also personal letters and material to all Senior and Junior Christian Endeavor Societies in the State. Every Junior Auxiliary and Christian Endeavor Society has received a personal visit from the Secretary for Junior Work, and many other auxiliaries have received the same from officers of the Branch. "Extension of Information" had been anticipated in this Branch by the recent creation of a new office—Superintendent of Missionary Literature. Results since November, 1899, are two junior auxiliaries formed; two junior auxiliaries have started circles of younger girls, auxiliary to their own societies; two mission circles formed by the Junior Christian Endeavor Societies and two others have accepted mite boxes and the *Mission Day-pring*. Two Senior Christian Endeavor Societies have taken pledged work for the Board amounting to \$60. We congratulate the Rhode Island Branch on this progress, especially its new Secretary for Junior Work.

Doubtless much other encouraging advance has been made in the Branches which have not come to our notice. We shall be glad to receive all such items and to print them later,

THE ECUMENICAL CONFERENCE.

WHEN this number of LIFE AND LIGHT reaches its readers the great Ecumenical Conference for Foreign Missions will be in session. At the time of writing delegates are gathering from all parts of the globe and preparations are approaching completion. There seems no doubt that it will be the most notable gathering for foreign missions ever known. The similar gathering in London in 1888 was most inspiring, but since that time there has been wonderful growth in the work, and political events have so brought its influence into public recognition that the topics which might legitimately be brought into its full consideration are almost endless. The great difficulty has been to select from the multitude of subjects those the most advantageous for the future of the cause.



MRS. DUNCAN MCLAREN,
OF EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.

For our woman's part of the great whole we are hoping much from the practical discussions of problems and methods arranged for in seven sessions—six to be held on Tuesday, April 24th, and the presentation of conclusions reached and of recommendations on Thursday morning, April 26th. Among the speakers from abroad are a number of women of world-wide reputation. There is to be a paper by Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop. We regret that ill health keeps her from the Conference, but the paper will not lose in the reading by Mrs. Joseph Cook. The response a welcome to friends from Great Britain will be given by Mrs. George Kerry. She is the eldest daughter of the Rev. John Compston, of England. In 1886 she went, as Miss Marie

Compston, from the Baptist Zenana Mission of England to Calcutta, India. There she took charge of a small normal school for the training of native Christian female teachers. After nine years of service Miss Compston was married to the Rev. George Kerry. She then assisted in general mission work, especially in connection with the Entally native church in Calcutta. In 1897 the state of Mr. Kerry's health compelled their return to England.

An address will be given by Miss Irene H. Barnes, present Editorial Superintendent of the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society, who was born in South London in 1864. In 1890 she became editor of the Mildmay magazine "Service for the King." In 1893 Miss Barnes accepted the post of Editorial Secretary of the Woman's Protestant Union, and while in

this position the circulation of the two monthly organs of the Union, "The Protestant Woman" and "The Protestant Girl," rose from 4,000 to 8,000. Two years later, Miss Barnes became one of the Deputation Staff of the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society, and during the next two years she traveled some thousand miles in England and Wales, holding meetings and conferences. In 1898, her present position as Editorial Superintendent of the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society, was unanimously offered Miss Barnes by the General Committee of the Society.

Miss Barnes is the author of a number of books, among which are especially "Unitas Fratrum," giving the story of the Moravian Missions; "Behind the Great Wall," the story of the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society work in China; and "Behind the Purdah," the story of the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society work in India. One of the most important papers "The Responsibility of Women in Foreign Missionary Work" will be given by Mrs. Duncan McLaren, of Edinburgh, Scotland; she is the wife of the chairman of the executive committee of the United Presbyterian Board, and herself a member of the Zenana Missions committee. Not the least among the famous missionaries are our own Dr. Grace Kimball and Miss Corinna Shattuck; the latter just returned from Turkey, both too well known to our readers to need any description here. Two well-known names in



MISS ISABELLA THOBURN.

all denominations are Mrs. J. Howard Taylor, *née* Geraldine Guinness,—a familiar name to us all—and Miss Isabella Thoburn from India.

Miss Thoburn was the first missionary sent by the W. F. M. S. of the M. E. Church. While engaged in teaching and conducting private classes in drawing, she was quietly meditating her work in life, and wrote to the secretary of the General Missionary Society for a place in the foreign field, to be told there was nothing a single woman could do. She then applied to the Union Missionary Society and was in correspondence with Mrs. Doremus, president of that pioneer organization, when the Methodist women organized the W. F. M. S. They were very glad to accept so fine a candidate as their first missionary, and they did it on large faith, with no money in the treasury, and, in fact, no visible treasury. Miss Thoburn sailed for India, Nov. 3, 1869, and from that date has given to educational work most loyal and effective service; building up a small Girls' School at Lucknow which became the beautiful

college, having the name Harriet Warren Memorial. She has thus had the honor of founding the first woman's college in India, which sends graduates for the India University examinations up for both B. A. and M. A. degrees.

One of the most interesting personalities will be Prof. Lilavati Singh, M. A., of the Methodist Episcopal Mission in Lucknow, India. *Zion's Herald* for February, 1900, has a sketch of her, a part of which we give:—

“Miss Lilavati Singh is the daughter of a native preacher of the North India Conference. Her education was obtained in the schools of our mission, principally in the high schools for girls at Lucknow. She was ambitious for further training, and went to Calcutta to the Government University, as there was at that time no college for women under Christian auspices in all India.

“The atmosphere was not favorable for the development of Christian character, but the faithful training of the earlier years was not forgotten, and Miss Singh graduated with her faith undimmed. On receiving her degree she was at once offered several positions, one of which she accepted,—to teach under the government at a very liberal salary. But her heart was in Christian work, and she longed to see a college where the young women of India might receive the advantages they desired, and which they are abundantly able to use profitably, under Christian management. Just then she received

word that the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society had decided to raise the Lucknow high school to the rank of a college, and that it had been affiliated with Calcutta University, receiving authorization to carry its students to the B. A. degree. Miss Thoburn, her former teacher, was to be principal of the Harriet Warren Memorial, the first Christian college for women in the Orient.

“Miss Singh applied at once for a position in this new institution, but was told that the salaries would have to be very small, as no endowment had yet been secured, and that such a figure as she was then receiving would be out of the question, much as they desired to have her with them. Her answer was a noble one, ‘Half the salary will be sufficient if only I can have the privilege of working for God and my Alma Mater,—the old school which gave me my start in life.’ So for more than eight years she has been teaching English literature and philosophy most successfully, at less than half what she could easily obtain in government service.”



MISS LILAVATI SINGH.

Extracts from article by Dr. Judson Smith in *The Missionary Review*:—

THE world of Protestant Missions is to be more fully represented than at any gathering ever yet held, both the countries that maintain and man and direct these vast operations, and also the continents, peoples and islands in every hemisphere and beneath every sky that are visited by this great enterprise. Here is to be exhibited on a grand scale, and in a convincing way, the unity of the race and the simplicity of the forces that are drawing the

nations together, and lifting them all to a higher plane of life and development. The unwasting vitality of the Christian faith will receive palpable demonstration; the competency of that faith for every religious and social problem of man in all ages, nations and conditions, will shine forth with a clearness that none can gainsay or resist. Better than all treatises or apologetics will be the living evidence of this stupendous and supremely successful enterprise.

As men hear and gather the meaning and feel the power of it all they will be ready to say, "Like a mighty army moves the Church of God."



MRS. GERALDINE GUINNESS TAYLOR.

The occasion is exceptional in the history of the religious life of the times, its discussions will be unique among the contributions to the Christian literature of the day, and its results we cannot but hope will be seen not merely in the noble volumes which will give permanent form to its principal discussions, but much more in the deepened devotion and renewed energy of the whole host of God to press this great and glorious work on to final victory.

In Memoriam.

MRS. WM. H. WELLINGTON, ROXBURY, MASS.

WHEN death suddenly takes one apparently in unusual health and vigor from a life of abounding usefulness, we stand paralyzed in our first sense of overwhelming loss. This experience has come to the executive committee of the Woman's Board in the death of our Director, Mrs. William H. Wellington, who passed from the mortal life to the heavenly rest on Tuesday, March 20th. Our Board has suffered an immeasurable loss. In the great variety of relations sustained by Mrs. Wellington the foreign missionary work had a large place. She came to us in the full maturity of her powers. She had been so long identified with the auxiliary in the Walnut Avenue Church and with Suffolk Branch as an officer that she was already in deep sympathy and intelligent acquaintance with all the phases of our work. While her outlook was broad and appreciative of the varied scope of foreign missions, the evangelistic work in the harder and more remote fields seemed to make an especial appeal to her heart.

We well remember her large sympathy with the missionaries, always desiring the most liberal things in their behalf. By her thoroughly trained powers of mind and heart and by her rich and wide experience with people of all classes, from the first she added strength and gave positive help in all the counsels of the executive committee. While her sound judgment made her a most valuable member of the finance committee, her opinions in regard to all matters pertaining to the interests of the Board were well considered, and always generous in conception and expression. Time, money and influence were freely given. In doing this no other form of Christian service was neglected,—the home, the church, the community, the country were all in her thought.

Though she did not talk much of her life and experience there was no uncertainty as to her religious convictions. She believed in prayer, and was ever ready to bear her part in devotional exercises. Her whole life was dominated by a vital faith which found expression in a constant ministry to others. Mrs. Wellington was a woman of remarkable natural gifts, able not only to plan large things, but also to execute those plans. She could set others at work and still keep the details in her own mind. She was a woman of decision and positive convictions. Combined with this strength of character and executive ability was a rare sweetness of nature which led her always to emphasize the best in others. Rarely does a mother keep in such close touch with her children,—their studies, their companion-

ships, their plans for the future. In earlier life she was a successful teacher, and her interest in the schools of Boston was abiding and helpful. Her home life was the center of a beautiful and generous hospitality; not only were congenial friends gathered there, but many a one alone in the world, or sorrowing, or in need of a friend.

A large and influential club, "Women in Council," of which she was one of the original members, owes much to her guiding hand as it has moved along important lines of study and philanthropic work. No more fit appointment could have been made by Governor Wolcott than the one which made Mrs. Wellington a trustee of the Medfield Insane Hospital.

Walnut Avenue Church is sorely bereaved. All its activities felt her strong support and sympathetic aid. She made it a habit to know personally the individual members and attendants.

Words fail in the attempt to sketch even the outline of the life of this rare, strong woman whose days were given to the multiplied forms of Christian service, who brought sweetness and light and hope to all about her. May we all be inspired to follow in the train of those who like her have wrought well and passed to their reward.

J. A. S.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

Self-supporting Churches, and How to Plant Them. Illustrated by the Life and Teachings of Rev. C. H. Wheeler, D.D. For forty years missionary of the A. B. C. F. M., at Harpoot, Turkey. Published at Grinnell, Iowa, by Better Way Pub. Co. Pp. 398. Price, 75 cents.

This book is written by a son of Dr. Wheeler, who had unusual opportunities to observe the work of his father, not only in the first seventeen years of his life, which were spent in the parents' home in Turkey, but later, when for three years he was associated with his father in mission work at Harpoot. Secretary Barton writes an introductory note, in which he commends the book "to all active missionaries, to the offices of missionary societies, and to all others who are interested in the question of missionary policy and methods, as containing data and suggestions which cannot fail to be of value." Attention is especially called to the chapters which treat of self-support. Rev. Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, in his own bright and breezy style, gives a brief, biographical sketch of Dr. Wheeler. Although these "two Maine boys" did not agree as to educational methods, Dr. Hamlin speaks with high praise of Dr. Wheeler as "the apostle of self-support"; and says, "the whole missionary world has been inspired by his preaching and example." The book contains portraits of both Dr. and Mrs. Wheeler.

Missionary Annals of the Nineteenth Century. By D. L. Leonard, D.D. Published by F. M. Barton, Cleveland, Ohio, and New York City. Pp. 286.

The author of this valuable compendium is the associate editor of the *Missionary Review of the World*. He dedicates the book, "To the missionaries who are giving their lives freely and uncomplainingly, that those who live in darkness may have the Light of Life,—and to all those in the home land, who by their work, their prayers and their gifts are sustaining those in the foreign field."

There are certain features in the arrangement of these annals which impart a peculiar value to this addition to the rapidly increasing literature of missions. The current century is taken up by decades after a brief *resumé* of the movements along missionary lines antedating this period. At the end of the volume is a chronological table, in which appears the date of every notable event belonging to the decade. It is as the title page announces, "A history, a book of reference, and an interesting story combined, of the progress of the kingdom in mission lands during the past one hundred years."

Tatong, the Little Slave: A Story of Korea. Izilda: A Story of Brazil. Ninito: A Story of the Bible in Mexico.

These three stories, by Annie Maria Barnes, are sent to us from the Presbyterian Committee of Publication at Richmond, Va.

It is sometimes possible in the narrative form to attract those who are frank enough to confess that the chief interest LIFE AND LIGHT has to them is the occasional story. Two of these books are illustrated, and the author has done a service in making vivid people and places in those lands she describes.

Another story from the publishing house of Revell Co., is *A Junior's Experience in Missionary Lands*, by Mrs. B. B. Comegys, Jr., which would appeal to any wide-awake boy of twelve years of age, who would enjoy reading about the fortunate boy who could see with his own eyes Syria, Persia, India, Siam, China, Korea and Japan.

W. Thomson Crabbe, F.R.C.S.E. Medical Missionary. By Annie R. Butler. Published by S. W. Partridge & Co., London, 1899. Pp. 80.

This brief sketch of a noble life is sent to our Missionary Circulating Library by the author, "with best wishes that the readers may, many of them, choose the highest of all work, even the work of the medical missionary."

Books received from Fleming H. Revell Co.: *From Girlhood to Motherhood.* By Mary Lowe Dickinson. Pp. 64. Price, 30 cents. *How Christmas was Kept in Heaven.* By Rev. Norman Pless. Pp. 41. Price, 50 cents. *Our Children for Christ.* By Doremus Scudder. Pp. 32. Price, 10 cents. A series of Catechetical Lessons on the Religion of our Lord Jesus Christ.

SIDELIGHTS FROM PERIODICALS.

The "Eastern Question" is put to the front in several of the current monthlies. A definition given by Edwin Maxey, LL.D. of Aurora College, Illinois, in the April *Arena*, is as follows: "The term 'Eastern Question' is used in two senses. In the narrow sense it applies to Turkey; in the broader, briefly stated, the question of the Far East is no less than the political and social reconstruction of Asia."

The great topics at present for diplomatic speculation are Persia and China; and the latter more than the former concerns America not alone politically and commercially, but also religiously, since the Christian Church of America, through various Boards, has large mission plants in that land.

"Things are moving rapidly there. The new ideas will create an atmosphere that will infuse new life into the body politic, or it will remove the restraints of generations of conservatism, and the shock will cause a general disintegration."

America's commercial relations with China are considered in "The American Invasion of China," by Wm. B. Parsons, chief engineer of the American-China Development Co., in *McClure's*, April.

Harper's, April, "The Problem of Asia," Part II., by A. T. Mahan, Capt. U. S. Navy. A wider discussion than that of America's relations simply.

In the April *Review of Reviews* we find a brief account of China "again putting on her war-paint" to face the despoilers of her domains in "The Warlike Policy of the Empress Dowager of China." In the same, "Japan's New Era," by R. Van Bergen. Lighter but instructive articles concerning the great Empire of China are:—

The *Century*, April, "The Greatest Wonder in the Chinese World," by Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore.

Littell's, March 10, "Among Chinese Monasteries," by Alicia B. Little.

Appropriate for springtime reading, when we are anticipating our own fruit-tree blossoms, is the poetical description of "The Cherries of Ueno," by Ralph Adams Cram, *Atlantic*, April. It is a vivid picture of a spot in Japan in cherry-blossom time, when multitudes are out in holiday tite, and "over all is the indefinable murmur of Asia."

Westminster Review, March, "The Revival of Buddhism in India," by D. M. Strong, carries us to another spot and subject in the great Asiatic continent; while "Exploitations in Uganda," *Eclectic*, April, brings the thought into Africa. Some reflections in the latter on missionaries need not disturb us. The author, Harold Bindloss, explains the axiom that "one

railroad is far better than either troops or gunboats for the putting down of slavery."

And now to the continent of Europe, where we also have strong missionary interests, none more hopeful than in Spain. A delightfully instructive biography Mr. Sylvester Baxter gives of "A Great Modern Spaniard," in the *Atlantic*, April.

An article of general missionary interest appears in the April *Education*, from the pen of James H. Ross, in which he both explains the "Educational Program of Foreign Missions" and gives details of the Ecumenical Conference along this line.

M. L. D.

TOPICS FOR AUXILIARY MEETINGS.

May.—Mission Work Through Christian Literature. See LIFE AND LIGHT for April.

June.—A Century in the Turkish Empire.

July.—Educational Work of the Woman's Board in Central and Eastern Turkey Missions.

August.—Evangelistic Work of the Woman's Board in Central and Eastern Turkey

September.—The Transformation of the Sandwich Islands.

October.—From Darkness to Dawn in Africa.

November.—Thank-offering Meetings. Subject, The Century's Appeal to Christian Missions.

A CENTURY IN THE TURKISH EMPIRE.

TOPIC FOR JUNE.

For this topic we suggest four talks: 1. Introduction on the General Subject. See monthly leaflet on this subject. 2. Turkish Rule over Subject People. See "Modern Missions in the East," by Dr. Edward A. Lawrence, Chapter V.; "Turkey and the Armenian Atrocities," by Dr. Edwin Munsell Bliss, Chapters V.-VIII., also XV.-XVIII.; "Forty Years in the Turkish Empire: A Memoir of Dr. Wm. Goodell," by Dr. E. D. A. Prime; *Missionary Herald* for February, 1897, and March, 1890. 3. "The Need of Mission Work among Nominal Christians;" See "Among the Turks," and "My Life and Times," by Dr. Cyrus Hamlin. 4. Events of the Last Five Years: "Letters from Armenia," by Prof. J. Randall Harris; "Arabia Islam and The Eastern Question," by Dr. Wm. H. Thompson in *Harper's Monthly* for 1895; "Turkish Misgovernment," in *Nineteenth Century* for November, 1896; "Eastern Crisis," *Quarterly*

Review, July, 1897. The missionary magazines, 1895-98, are full of accounts of these events,—notably *Missionary Herald* for January, 1895, February, March, April and November, 1896, February, 1897, and March, 1898.

All the references may be obtained from Miss A. R. Hartshorn, 704 Congregational House, Boston.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.

Receipts from February 18, 1900, to March 18, 1900.

MISS SARAH LOUISE DAY, Treasurer.

MAINE.		
<i>Bath</i> .—Central Ch., Mrs. E. E. Alvord, 25; Castine, Desert Palm Society, 115; Holden, Mrs. C. Burnaby, 2; Saco, Mrs. Nellie E. Salls, 1.90,	143 90	
<i>Eastern Maine Branch</i> .—Mrs. J. S. Wheelwright, Treas. Bangor, Aux., 3; Calais, Aux., 21.25; Castine, Jr. C. E. Soc., 90 cts.,	25 15	
<i>Western Maine Branch</i> .—Mrs. C. C. Chapman, Treas. Portland, Second Parish Ch., Aids, 48.03, Mrs. McDowell, 3, Mrs. Woodbury, 2, Mrs. Crocker, 2, Williston Ch., Aux., 8, State St. Ch., Aux., 21.94, Westbrook Ch., Aux., 5,	89 97	
Total,	259 02	
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		
<i>New Hampshire Branch</i> .—Mrs. Allen L. French, Treas. Meriden, Kimball Union Academy, C. E. Soc., 15.61; North Hampton, Mrs. Abbie Gove (to const. L. M. Mrs. Elizabeth J. Chevalier), 25,	40 61	
Total,	40 61	
VERMONT.		
<i>Vermont Branch</i> .—Mrs. T. M. Howard, Treas. Brattleboro, West (with prev. contri. const. L. M. Miss Florence Warner), 8.78, S. S., 25; Cambridge, C. E. Soc., 2; Hartford (to const. L. M. Miss Carrie Barrows), 25; Lyndon, C. E. Soc., 5.10; Middlebury, Mrs. H. Robbins (to const. herself a L. M.), 25; Morrisville, Aux., 10; Northfield, C. E. Soc., 5; Peru, Aux., 5; Pownal, North, Jr. C. E. Soc. and Sunshine Band, 9; Sheldon, Jr. C. E. Soc. 50 cts.; Simondsville, Ladies, 85 cts.; St. Johnsbury, North Ch., 45.55; Townshend, 15; Waitsfield, Home Circle Aux., 5; Wallingford, Aux., 49; Woodstock, C. E. Soc., 5. Less expenses, 14.90,	225 88	
Total,	225 88	
LEGACY.		
Of the amount received from legacies Dec. 18, 1899 to Jan. 18, 1900, reported in the March number, \$2,000 was from the estate of Mrs. Mary S. Hill, late of Burlington, Vt., H. O. Wheeler, Exr., received through the Treasurer of the Vermont Branch.	100 25	
MASSACHUSETTS.		
<i>A friend</i> , 100, Friends, 25 cts.,	100 25	
<i>Andover and Woburn Branch</i> .—Mrs. G. W. Dinsmore, Treas. Ballardvale,		
Union Ch., Aux., 10; Bedford, United Workers (with prev. contri. const. L. M. Mrs. Alice F. Lane); Lexington, Aux. (to const. L. M. Miss Emma Ostrom Nichols), 25; Medford, Mystic Ch., Aux. (to const. L. M. Mrs. Julia T. Kidder), 25,	60 00	
<i>Auburn</i> .—Mrs. Braman Rich,	20 00	
<i>Berkshire Branch</i> .—Mrs. Chas. E. West, Treas. Adams, Aux., 13.23; Canaan Four Corners, 10; Pittsfield, South Ch., 30.57,	53 80	
<i>Boston</i> .—A friend,	25 00	
<i>Braintree</i> .—A friend,	1 00	
<i>Essex North Branch</i> .—Mrs. Wallace L. Kimball, Treas. Amesbury, C. E. Soc., 5.50; Ipswich, First Ch., 60; Newburyport, Aux., 50; Belleville Ch., Aux., 100,	215 50	
<i>Essex South Branch</i> .—Miss Nannie L. Odell, Treas. Beverly, Dane St. Ch., Y. P. M. Soc., 11.88, C. E. Soc., 5; Danvers Centre, Mission Study Class, 10; Lynnfield, Aux., 20,	46 88	
<i>Franklin Co. Branch</i> .—Miss Lucy A. Sparhawk, Treas. Greenfield, Aux., 79.50; Orange, Aux., 15.59, Little Light Bearers, 3.43, Jr. C. E. Soc., 4; Sunderland, Aux., 3,	105 52	
<i>Hampshire Co. Branch</i> .—Miss Harriet J. Kneeland, Treas. Amherst, First Ch., Aux., 36.15, S. S., 10, Second Ch., 12; Northampton, Edwards Ch., Aux., 5,	63 15	
<i>Lowell</i> .—M. F. C.,	1 00	
<i>Middlesex Branch</i> .—Mrs. E. H. Bigelow, Treas. Marlboro, Union Ch., Girls' Missionary Club, 15; Wellesley, Wellesley College Ch. Asso., 190,	205 00	
<i>Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch</i> .—Miss Mary V. Thayer, Treas. Brockton, South Ch., Aux., 25.50; Marshfield, Aux., 10.30; Marshfield Hills, Aux., 8.50; Weymouth Heights, Old No. Ch., Aux., 31.50; Wollaston, Whomsoever M. C., 17.50,	93 30	
<i>Phillipston</i> .—Mrs. Mary P. Estey,	1 40	
<i>Salem</i> .—Miss Perkins,	2 00	
<i>Springfield Branch</i> .—Mrs. Mary H. Mitchell, Treas. Miss G. M. McLaren, 5; Feeding Hills, Golden Rule M. C., 11; Indian Orchard, Willing Helpers, 12; Springfield, North Ch., C. E. Soc., 5,	33 00	
<i>Suffolk Branch</i> .—Miss Myra B. Child, Treas. Auburndale, Aux., 58, Golden Rule C. E. Soc., 20; Boston, A friend, 20, Berkeley Temple, C. E. Soc., 15, Mt. Vernon Ch., Jr. Aux., 1.70, Park St. Ch., Aux., 100, C. E. Soc., 10, Old So. Ch., Aux., 1,036, S. S. Class, 7.92, Shawmut		

Ch., Aux., 18, C. E. Soc., 20; Chelsea, First Cong. Ch., Aux., 80.47; Dorchester, Second Ch., Extra-Cent-a-Day Band, 5, Village Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 70 cts.; Hyde Park, Aux., 5; Jamaica Plain, Boylston Ch., Y. L. F. M. Soc., 5, Central Cong. Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 36.60, Cradle Roll, 15.63; Medway, Mrs. A. L. Loud, 2; Needham, Aux., by "H" (to const. L. M. Mrs. E. H. Noyes), 25; Newton Highlands, Aux., 3.20; Newtonville, Y. L. M. Soc., 30; Roxbury, A friend, 10, Eliot Ch., Aux., 80.50; Somerville, Highland Ch., Aux., 5, Walnut Ave. Ch., Aux., 40, 1,650 77	
<i>Worcester Co. Branch.</i> —Mrs. Martha D. Tucker, Treas. Ashburnham, Aux., 4, C. E. Soc., 5; Athol, Aux., 10; Blackstone, Aux., 5; Clinton, Aux., 41; Gilbertville, Aux., 22; Millbury, Second Ch., Aux., 30; Spencer, Aux., 135; Whitinsville, Aux., 65.30; Worcester, Park Ch., Aux., 5, Stamp Mission, 3.12,	325 42
Total,	3,002 99

LEGACIES.

<i>Fall River.</i> —Legacy Mrs. Hannah S. Kilburn, C. E. Fisher, Exr.,	100 00
<i>Ware.</i> —Legacy Mary F. Andrews, Henry B. Anderson, Exr.,	200 00
Of the amount received from legacies Dec. 18, 1899 to Jan. 18, 1900, reported in the March number, \$20 was from the estate of Mrs. Susau P. Mayhew, late of New Bedford, Mass., Charles L. Russell, Exr. (in part), and \$15.99 was from the estate of Mrs. Harriet Wheeler Damon, late of Worcester, Mass. (in part). The amount received from legacies Jan. 18 to Feb. 18, 1900, reported in the April number, \$7.84, was a further payment on account of the last-named legacy.	

RHODE ISLAND.

<i>Rhode Island Branch.</i> —Mrs. Clara J. Barnefield, Treas. Kingston, C. E. Soc., 20; Providence, Beneficent Ch., C. E. Soc., 6, Central Ch., Miss Helen S. Lathrop, 33, Miss Lucy N. Lathrop, 300, A friend, 2; Woonsocket, C. E. Soc., 10.80, <i>Wilkinson Memorial Fund.</i> : Mrs. Anna Reed Wilkinson, 100, Mrs. Anna Wilkinson Rathbun, 100, Mrs. L. B. Goff, 100, Miss Rachel Harris Rathbun, 50, Mr. Henry L. Wilkinson, 10, Mr. Alfred H. Wilkinson, 10, Mrs. S. F. Smith, 10, Mrs. D. G. Littlefield, 10; Barrington, Aux., 10; Providence, Beneficent Ch., Aux., 10, Elmwood Temple, Madura Circle of Jr. Aux., 10, North Ch., Aux., 10; Newport, Aux., 10,	811 80
Total,	811 80

CONNECTICUT.

<i>Eastern Conn. Branch.</i> —Miss Mary I. Lockwood, Treas. Danielson, Heart and Hand M. B., 10; New London, First Ch., Aux., 37.45; Norwich, Second Ch., Thistle-down Soc., 5, Park Ch., Aux., A friend, 50, A friend, 110,	212 45
<i>Glastonbury.</i> —Miss Julia W. Broadhead, 10 00	
<i>Greenwich.</i> —Miss Julia E. Bell and others, 10, Second Ch., Mission Circle, 10,	20 00
<i>Hartford Branch.</i> —Mrs. M. Bradford Scott, Treas. Bristol, Aux., 24.48; Coventry, Aux., 16.75; East Windsor, Aux., 14; Enfield, Ladies' Ben. Soc., 30; Hartford, Asylum Hill Ch., Aux., Mrs. Charles B. Smith, 10, Mrs. C. D. Davi-	

son, 10, First Ch., Aux., 26, C. E. Soc., 10; New Britain, South Ch., Aux., 42.74; Plainville, Dau. of Cov., 23; Rockville, Aux., 45,	251 97
<i>New Haven.</i> —Miss Susan E. Daggett, 10 00	
<i>New Haven Branch.</i> —Miss Julia Twining, Treas. Bethel, Aux. (of wh. 25 by R. N. B. to const. L. M. Miss Helen Scott Benedict), 75; Canaan, Pilgrim Ch., Aux., 10; Cheshire, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5; Cromwell, Y. L., 20.50; Goshen, C. E. Soc., 10; Greenwich, Aux., 66.18; Litchfield, D. C. 106.52; Middletown, First Ch., Aux., 73.37; Naugatuck, Aux., 50; New Canaan, Aux., 41; New Haven, Centre Ch., S. S., 20, Ch. of the Redeemer, Y. L., 60, S. S., 20, Davenport Ch., S. S., 70, English Hall Ch., Aux., 5, United Ch., P. S. A. M. B., 31; New Preston Hill, Aux., 7; Plymouth, Aux., 7; Salisbury, Aux., 16; South Britain, W. A., 10; Stratford, Aux., 42.85; Washington, Aux., 55.35, C. E. Soc., 13.10; Winchester, C. E. Soc., 5.49,	820 36
Total,	1,324 78

NEW YORK.


<i>New York.</i> —Mrs. George S. Hickok, 5, Grandma and the little ones, 2; Brooklyn, Mrs. Theodore R. Davis, 10; Sing Sing, A friend, 40 cts.,	17 40
<i>New York State Branch.</i> —Mrs. F. M. Turner, Treas. Albany, Aux., 35; Bedford Park, Ch., Aux., 12, C. E. Soc., 10; Brooklyn, Bushwick Ave. Ch., Aux., 5, Central Ch., Aux., 166.67, Mrs. John Bliss, 10, Mrs. John W. James, 10, Lewis Ave. Ch., Aux., 52.50, Nazarene Ch., Miss. Soc., 2.50, Plymouth Ch., Y. W. Guild, 15, Park Ch., Aux., 6, Puritan Ch., C. E. Soc., 30; Canandaigua, Aux., 280; East Smithfield, Pa., C. E. Soc., 2.69; Elmira, Aux., 20; Lockport, First Ch., C. E. Soc., 20, East Ave. Ch., Aux., 17; New York, Manhattan Ch., Misses Covell, 20, Prim. S. S., 6, Atossa and Almer Nilsen, 4.50; Newburg, Aux., 14; Poughkeepsie, C. E. Soc., 25; Riverhead, Aux., 115.51; Sayville, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5; Sinclairville, C. E. Soc., 22; Utica, Plymouth Ch., Aux., 10; Wellsville, W. M. U., 9.61; West Winfield, Aux., 30, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5. Less expenses, 34.42,	926 56
Total,	943 96

PHILADELPHIA BRANCH.

<i>Philadelphia Branch.</i> —Miss Emma Flavell, Treas. D. C. Washington, First Ch., Miss. Club, 175, Mt. Pleasant Ch., S. S., 9.16; Fla., Dayton, Aux., 10; N. J., East Orange, Trinity Ch., Aux., 41.50, Jr. K. Ds., 5; Westfield, A friend, 10,	250 66
Total,	250 66

IOWA.

<i>Wilton.</i> —German Cong. Ch., W. M. Soc.,	5 00
Total,	5 00
General Funds,	5,733 95
Permanent Fund,	100 00
Gifts for Special Objects,	1,030 75
Variety Account,	30 35
Legacies,	300 00
Total,	\$7,195 05



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MICRONESIA.

LETTER FROM MISS LOUISE E. WILSON OF KUSAIE.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: I would that time and strength would permit me to write a long letter to every one of you, but as I cannot, I hope you will "take the will for the deed" and accept this joint letter. How liberal you all have been! God bless you every one, and give to you all the joy that comes to a cheerful giver. How many unknown friends I feel I have found and become acquainted with the past year through your letters and gifts! Now, I know you would like to know what use we will find for so many things. Can you imagine hundreds and hundreds of people who do not know what it is to receive a token of love? who have not known of a Christmas which told of peace on earth and goodwill toward men? There are many children who do not know that there is such a thing as a doll. How some of our own girls, when they first came to school and received one for Christmas, have cuddled it up in their arms! The motherly instinct seems to be the same wherever we go. They gazed at it as if no one had ever possessed such a treasure before. As our girls about all have one now, we will only keep a few of the larger ones for family dolls. The rest that came in the boxes this year will probably take a trip on the Morning Star when she goes to the Gilbert and Marshall Islands, and delight the hearts of some of the small

boys and girls who have so little to brighten their lives. Books, scrap-books and picture cards! I am so glad that there are so many of them! How Micronesian people do love pictures! In fact, I think they never tire of them. The babies and younger children will rejoice over pretty, new calico dresses. The tennis flannel, etc., will be kept for the use of our own school-girls; to be used for sleeping gowns and dresses for sick ones, when they feel chilly. I have had people open their eyes in astonishment at the idea of wanting flannel down here. Only five degrees north of the equator! But people with rheumatism in a climate where it rains almost every day find it is the only safeguard against it. Our teachers who only receive a salary of fifty dollars a year will be very grateful to you for helping them out with their writing paper, envelopes, pencils, thread, pins, needles, etc. The work-bags will be just the thing to keep them in.

Each year we make out a list of the teachers' names, and then divide the contents of the different boxes between our schools and the teachers in the islands. They, no doubt, divide again what they have received amongst their scholars,—they are so very unselfish. In the islands we often hear of this or that one who would go to church if she had a dress to wear. So you see how nice it is to have some extra gifts of calico to give away to deserving ones. The usual dress is only a fringe or mat fastened around the waist or hips. Forty-eight girls in our house to be kept covered with calico quilts. The patch-work, without doubt, has come to the right house. I wish you could see how very nicely the girls sew. Some of them hem and darn beautifully. The rule is, "Learn to sew well by hand before using the machine." Saturday is our visiting day, or, I had better say, the boys' calling day, when the young men from the Marshall and Gilbert schools have the privilege of calling at our girls' school. The different games that have come down this year will greatly aid in making these Saturday afternoons pleasant ones. Micronesia does not look like a very large place on the map, but there are a number of thousands of souls living down here, whom we are trying to lead out of darkness into the light. They have to learn how to live and how to love before much can be done for them. Little deeds of kindness accomplish much. The thought that people in America remember them with gifts, think of them, care for and pray for them, does much toward helping this great and glorious work along. I shall try to write a few words to every one who has so kindly sent me words of cheer. I have tried to keep an account of all gifts received by me. Some of the packages were simply sent to Mr. Frear, so they will no doubt be distributed in Micronesia somewhere, but you may not hear from some of them. I notice in some of the letters that you speak of meeting Mrs. Logan and Mrs. Price. I take it that you

think of Micronesia as one large place, and forget that there is more than one mission station down here. The principal ones are Kusaie and Ruk. But here at Kusaie we are seven hundred miles from Ruk, and as the ocean is between us and no direct way of communicating with our friends, we do not hear from them any oftener than you do in the home land, even though we do all live in Micronesia. I am going to ask the Editor to print this letter, and send copies to all who have so kindly contributed gifts to our missionary cause. I most gratefully acknowledge receiving boxes from the W. B. M. P.; packed by Sadler & Co., S. F. W. B. M. P. (Southern Branch), Los Angeles Churches, Cloverdale Gleaners and Rio Vista Church. Packages sent by express or mail were received from the following: Ladies' Aid and Juniors, National City; Junior C. E., Berkeley; Junior C. E., Sonoma; Junior C. E., Weaverville; Miss N. Barrett, Pasadena; Corona Church, Cong'l Church, Jamul; Claremont Church, Nordhoff Church, Ladies' Missionary Society, Riverside; Alameda, King's Daughters; Mrs. M. P. Lyman, Riverside; (Woman's Missionary Society, Escondido), (Sewing School, Olivet Church, Los Angeles), and Mrs. Merritt, Oakland, Cal.

Hoping that I have not overlooked any one, with many thanks, and again God bless you all for what you have done in His Name.

LETTER FROM JERUSALEM.

JERUSALEM, Feb. 4, 1900.

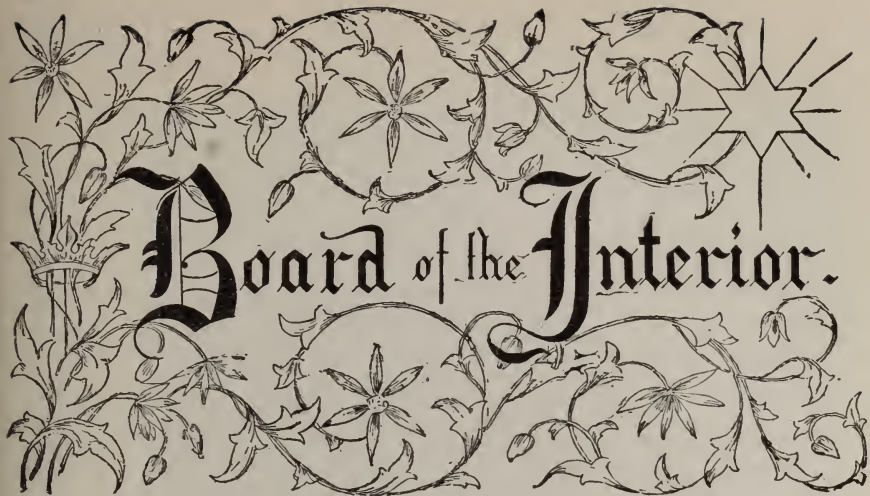
MY DEAR MRS. JEWETT: At last! our feet "stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem." Our steamer dropped anchor outside the reefs of Jaffa about sunrise on the morning of February second, and among the foremost of the little boats putting out to us from the shore was one manned by men with red fez caps, floating the United States flag, and almost before we knew it, it was alongside, and sitting in the stern were the American Consul from Jerusalem, his wife, and Cook's Jaffa agent, waving us a welcome. It was a pleasant greeting. We were soon in the boat, and passing through the narrow and only channel between the rocks, we climbed the stone steps of the pier of Jaffa, and stood on the shores of Palestine. The first sign I noticed upon any building was of a *Tanner*, so you see the trade of Simon still flourishes here. After a few hours spent in Jaffa we took the train for Jerusalem. The first part of the way lies through the Vale of Sharon, and one of the

stopping-places is Lydda, where Peter cured Eneas of the palsy, and where he was staying when the messengers came for him to go to Joppa, on account of the death of Dorcas. The green grass and young grain were just springing into life, and here and there men were ploughing, sometimes with a camel, sometimes with oxen.

Soon the road began to ascend, and for an hour and a half we climbed, winding in and out around the hills of Judea. These hills seem barren, and are very rocky, but wherever there is a level spot it is cultivated, and vegetables are growing, or olive trees of a stunted growth are standing. Three hours and a half from Joppa and we are at the Jerusalem station, which is a little distance outside the walls. Here we take a carriage and get our first view of the city as we "climb up Zion's hill," past the tower of David, and enter the Jaffa gate. Our hotel is just inside this gate. Some travelers express disappointment in their first view of Jerusalem, but to me it was all I expected,—and I was fully satisfied. I am glad to be here. We have not yet begun our sight-seeing, except to take in a general view from the flat roof of the hotel.

In Cairo I called at the American Mission, which occupies a large three-story stone building, one block from Shepheard's Hotel, and was pleasantly received by Mrs. Harvey and Miss Kyle, and was taken through the girls' class rooms, their dormitories, the cooking department, etc. Mrs. Harvey has been here thirty-four years,—a little longer than our Mrs. Baldwin has been in Turkey. She was just going out to a mission school in another quarter of the city, to take some little gifts, as it was the close of the term. She kindly invited me to accompany her, which I did. There were some simple exercises, and then the distribution of the little gay colored paper bags with cakes and candy, which seemed to make them all happy. There was also the presentation of awards. One little barefooted girl, who was among the poorest clad, carried off the most prizes. This mission is conducted by the United Presbyterians, with headquarters in Philadelphia. They have been in this field forty-four years, and have flourishing schools in most of the larger towns of Egypt, a theological school at Assinit, and quite a large church membership.

Many of the donkey boys with whom I came in contact in Egypt who could speak any English, said they had learned it at the mission school, but most of them were Mohammedans. Only three called themselves Christians and one of these was a Catholic and one a Coptic. In this Oriental country everyone who is not a Mohamedan is called a Christian.



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THE BLACK MAN'S PORTION IN THE WORD.

BY MISS HARRIET L. KEYES.

To Jeremiah's dungeon,—
That place of want and shame,—
A brave, believing Negro
With Heaven's own pity came.
He faced the angry nobles
And the weak and cruel king,
To honor God's great prophet,
And do a righteous thing.

(Jer. xxxviii. 7-14.)

He wrought his own deliverance,
For, by that rescued seer,
The God of Israel promised
To save him from his fear,
Yet more,—our Christian centuries
See Ebed-melech's name,
Like Ethiopia's topaz,
Shine out in deathless flame.

(Jer. xxxix. 16, 17.)

And Simon, the Cyrenian,
 Drew near that Greater One
 Whose cry an earthquake answered,
 Whose grief put out the sun.
 When He, with love unsparing,
 Spent all to pay our loss,
 He let no angel help him,
 But a black man bore his cross.

(Luke xxiii. 26.)

The Prophets and the Gospel,
 These twain, high-honored, knew;
 And Afric', by another,
 Received the Spirit, too;
 For Candace's great envoy
 Their shining footprints trod,
 And in his desert baptism
 Shared the new gift of God.

(Acts viii. 26-40.)

No more in His dear kingdom
 Sit thou among the least,
 Dark Continent, whose sunrise
 Already gilds the east.
 The day-star of that morning
 Will be the golden gem
 That Jesus needs to finish
 His perfect diadem.

(Mal. iii. 16, 17.)

And when, thy tribes assembling
 To keep the Week of Prayer,
 Jerusalem's glad worship
 Not three, but millions share,
 The Lamb himself shall open
 For them the long-sealed book,
 And on their noble portion
 Thy ransomed children look.

(Zech. xiv. 16; Rev. v. 1-8.)

HOW A "WOMAN'S STATION" IS CARRIED ON.

SOME light on this subject is gained from a bunch of letters written at various dates to members of her own family by Miss Mary E. Wainwright, of Okayama, Japan.

Okayama is a city of 52,300 inhabitants, the capital of a prefecture of the same name, and is connected by rail with Kobe, which lies eighty miles eastward. As Miss Wainwright, of the Chicago Board (W. B. M. I.), and Miss Alice P. Adams, of the Boston Board (W. B. M.), are our only missionaries there, Okayama is familiarly mentioned as "a woman's



MISS MARY E. WAINWRIGHT IN JAPANESE DRESS.

station." A large and prosperous orphan asylum there is in charge of Mr. Ishii, a Japanese gentleman, to whom Miss Wainwright has given much assistance, both in the collection of funds and in the publishing of the *Asylum Record*.

Eight churches in towns from six to fifty miles distant look to Okayama as the central station, and hardly a week passes without a visit from either

Miss Adams or Miss Wainwright to one of these or some other out-station. Here is Miss Wainwright's description of one of these tours:—

“I left home Monday and had a forty-mile *kurma* ride, reaching T— about seven in the evening. The road was badly broken in places, else we should have been there long before. As soon as we finished our supper we went to a meeting. There were some twenty-two there besides the Bible woman, whose name is Tsuji San, and myself.

“It is a hard place to be in. Christianity is at a low ebb. While I was speaking I felt as though I were throwing words at a stone wall and they were thrown back at me.

“The next morning it rained hard, but that did not prevent our going on, as we had received a letter from the evangelist at O— asking us to go to N—, although he said the road was bad. He told the truth, for it was a dreadful road. They told us there was one hill, but if I would walk up that the two men could push Tsuji San. We started about eleven, and as it was only about fifteen miles we thought we should be there by two or three o'clock; but the first half of the way was so bad the men could do very little running, and by the time we reached the foot of ‘the hill’ (which proved to be a mountain pass) the men were very hungry. They were told ‘there was a place a little way up’ where they could get food. Tsuji San and I both walked, and the road grew worse and worse. The men could not pull the *kurmas* with only our baggage in them alone, but helped each other, taking one a little way, then going back for the other.

“The promised eating-station was ‘at the top,’ and when they reached the top it was ‘a little way down’; but there was nothing there, either. The road down was worse than the one up, and the men had great difficulty in keeping their *kurmas* right side up; so the last seven miles they traveled three times, and it was exceedingly hard work for the hungry men.

“We did not reach the hotel till six o'clock, and were almost tired out; but that evening we had a nice meeting in the hotel, and the next afternoon a women's meeting, and in the evening a children's meeting, with some forty-seven children between ten and fifteen years old. The next evening there was a women's meeting, and Friday, the day we left, the women gathered just before we started and wanted another meeting. We generally had guests before breakfast, and they would often stay all day long. It is a small, country place,—a pure, beautiful spot,—where it seems as if much good might be done.

“Friday afternoon we went to O—. I wish you could have had that ride among the lovely mountains and by the side of one of the large rivers of Japan. I forgot to say that at N— three of the Christians came out to

meet us, one coming over five miles. Christianity is new there. It is only about four years since they first heard of it. Of the eighty adults thirteen are baptized Christians, and a few more were to be baptized soon.

"We had a meeting at O—— Friday night, and the next day I entertained guests and had a singing class while Tsuji San was visiting an old friend, and in the evening we had another meeting.

"Sunday a meeting in the morning, another in the afternoon, and then went out seven miles and a half to another meeting.

"A guest came the next morning before breakfast and stayed till the afternoon meeting, which was for women. There was another meeting in the evening for young men.

"Next morning we went on to another place, where we had an afternoon and an evening meeting and another the next morning. I spoke and sang till I was hoarse. After the evening meeting we came back to O——, intending to go to bed early, but guests came in and prevented it.

"I was up at half-past three next morning, for we wanted to start at five. A miserable breakfast!—cold rice, cold fish, and raw devilfish, the last of which is so tough one might as well attempt to chew shoe-leather. We did not start till six, for the boatmen had overslept. We should have had a delightful ride down the river if it had not rained, and I enjoyed it as it was, though we had nothing to eat from four in the morning till half-past four in the afternoon. Then a bowl of macaroni tasted good. After leaving the boat we had a fifteen-mile ride that was simply horrid, and reached home about half-past nine, tired, but so glad to be here."

Miss Wainwright is sub-treasurer for the station, and finds that "accounts take a deal of time." She has an evening class in English of boys from the asylum, also a Bible class there, which she enjoys very much, finding the young men refined and gentlemanly.

One day she attends a feast to a doll: "A pleasant time, and had, also, a chance to do missionary work." Another, she goes out with some of the orphan children to hunt mushrooms.

Here are items from her journal letters:—

"I dreamed of being at home last night."

"Received from —— a box of violets by mail."

"Waited two hours at a dentist's, meanwhile preparing a Bible lesson."

"In the daytime I wear my tam-o'-shanter, and in the evening my Japanese hood. I took my old bonnet up to Kyoto, and as I rarely ever wear it here it looks nice and fresh, and will for the next three years, I suppose."

"Please send my copy of 'Les Miserables.'"

"I have sent my wheel to Kobe for repairs. The tire collapsed."

“I have a lovely bunch of heliotrope standing on my desk.”

“When I look at pen and paper all the thoughts I ever had seem to fly away; but I have got to make them obey this week, for I must get out *The Asylum Record*.”

“I have been so on the rush the past few months that I feel as if I was being turned into a machine.”

“The Christmas holidays were very full. We attended some ten different celebrations. Miss Adams and I were alone, only we invited two Japanese ladies to Christmas dinner. Monday we went over to the Asylum, and had dinner with the children. There were six of us sitting at a little table about two feet square, and there were two hundred and fifty in the one room. I am afraid you would not think it much of a Christmas dinner, for it cost only about five *sen*, or two cents and a half apiece; but, I tell you, the children thought it was good. And it was good, too. The rice was cooked with fish, vegetables, mushrooms, vinegar, and eggs that had been fried and then cut in thin slices. The Japanese call rice prepared in that way, *o so mo ji*.”

“Miss Adams has a school for beggar children, and day after to-morrow their parents are coming here, and we are going to give them *o so mo ji*, pickled radishes, and bread with bean paste in it.”

Other allusions to fare mention raw oysters, roast chicken, Irish potatoes, sweet peas, succotash, cauliflower, bread and butter, jelly, pickles, olives, squash pie, chocolate pudding, candy, nuts, figs, dates and oranges as attainable in Okayama.

Miss Adams says of her Sunday school: “The children who come are mostly from the poorer classes and from un-Christian homes. It was started just six years ago, and has now become well known in that neighborhood. In connection with it I have a free primary school for the children who are too poor to pay the tuition required in government schools.

“We have now forty-three boys and girls. They are ragged and dirty, but I love them. Everyone calls this my pet work; and perhaps it is.”

Miss Wainwright apologizes for writing seldom in this way: “Let me give you a little outline of things that just *must* be done this week:—

“*Monday*.—Go through three talks in Japanese; *i. e.*, after prayers and breakfast. I shall probably begin to study at half-past eight (we have breakfast a quarter to seven); send my teacher off on an errand, and finish an English talk if I can before noon; go calling upon ———. [A Japanese call is perforce an hour and a half or two hours long.—Ed.]. Get home in time to change my dress for dinner, and receive some guests that we have invited. When they are gone it is bedtime, and we are both tired out.

"*Tuesday*.—Breakfast and prayers; prepare the flowers for the hospital, and arrange the tracts that I shall take; home a little after four, and then a music lesson; in the evening to the asylum, where I am to speak in English,—the talk that I hope to finish in the morning. I forgot to say that I hope also to go through my three talks in Japanese again, and make a beginning on another for the next Sunday. It will be about ten when I come home from the asylum.

"*Wednesday*.—Morning, study four talks; afternoon, callers, and we are having a great many lately; in the evening our English prayer-meeting, and after dinner we go down to the church to a women's meeting.

"*Thursday*.—Study, and in the afternoon bring up things that have been put off; in the evening prepare my Friday afternoon Bible lesson.

"*Friday*.—Study, and then review my Bible lesson. In the afternoon I try to take a little rest before going away at half-past two, but doubt if I can this time. After Bible class I must rush home, and get ready to go some six miles to a wedding. I shall probably reach home about midnight.

"*Saturday*.—Work on my talks; prepare my Sunday-school lesson; and in the afternoon after the meeting prepare for going away next Monday.

"*Sunday*.—Sunday School, morning service, and in the afternoon have some one else take my afternoon Sunday-school class, while I go out six miles to a meeting, giving one of the talks that I prepare this week.

"These are the things I have planned, but many other things will come up that will be 'musts.'

"*Monday*.—I set off on a two weeks' trip. If you don't think that is hurry, then you don't know what hurry is."

She says of the wedding:—

"I left home about half-past five, for the wedding was to be at 'seven sharp,' and as I was to play the march I must be on time. When we arrived we were told that there had been some delay, so the wedding would not be till about eight. We sat about the little fire-boxes, and nearly froze, for they had taken out the whole front of the house. It was right on the street, and the people passing stopped and looked and sat down on the edge, and it made one think of how people came to feasts in Christ's time who were not invited.

"It was a nice little wedding, and one of those who took part in the ceremony said he had attended many Christian weddings, but this was different from any of the others, for both of the young people were Christians, as well as the parents of both. After the ceremony and congratulations the bride and groom took a back seat, and a program to entertain the guests was carried out with music by your sister; then a good supper. We reached home twenty minutes of two."

One cannot wonder at the need of inspiration expressed later :—

“ We are going to a Salvation Army half-night of prayer, which begins at ten, and lasts till one. I am looking forward to this, and hoping to be greatly strengthened. It seems nothing but give out here all the time, and I want to get filled up.

“ There were twenty-five of us gathered in a little back room, and surely the Father was in our midst. Eleven o'clock, twelve o'clock came, and not an idea had I of being sleepy. We were all Christians. I had no responsibility as to the conducting of the meeting, and then, too, they put so much life into their meeting that I enjoyed it. We were there till five minutes past two, but I have not felt more than usually tired to-day. I am so glad I went. Aside from the spiritual help it did me good.”

No complete account of the work in Okayama with its outstations would omit mention of the able and faithful Japanese pastors, teachers and Bible women; the Christian brother who gave 500 *en* toward the erection of a church; and school-children, ten and twelve years old, who are working after school to earn money for the same object.

In January, 1899, thirty-five members united by letter with the Okayama Church, besides the twenty-four baptisms, making it a time never to be forgotten in that church.

But a complete account of the work will never be written on earth.

M. P. W.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF THE INTERIOR.

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RECEIPTS FROM FEB. 10, 1900, TO MAR. 10, 1900.

COLORADO	587 39
ILLINOIS	1,496 64
INDIANA	35 50
IOWA	346 44
KANSAS	26 36
MICHIGAN	693 07
MINNESOTA	384 33
NEBRASKA	52 55
NORTH DAKOTA	10 00
OHIO	105 41
SOUTH DAKOTA	16 15
WISCONSIN	309 62
WYOMING	1 13
CALIFORNIA	2 10
TURKEY	70 43
MISCELLANEOUS	23 10
Receipts for the month	4,160 22
Previously acknowledged	11,898 57
Total since Oct. 20, 1899	\$16,058 79

INDIA RELIEF FUND.

Received this month	131 06
Already forwarded	28 50
Total since Oct. 20, 1899	\$159 56

CENTURY FUND.

Received this month	185 00
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ADDITIONAL DONATIONS FOR SPECIAL OBJECTS.

Received this month	36 50
Already forwarded	631 02
Total since Oct. 20, 1899	\$667 52

MRS. E. M. WILLIAMS, Ass't Treas.

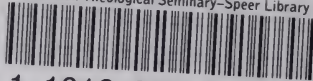
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